I care not what, so it be wholsome foode.
Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you shall haue the Mustard
Or else you get no Beefe of *Grumio*.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
Beats him.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miserie:
Go get thee gone I say.
Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Mistris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merits thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this dish.
Kate. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou loueſt mee;

Much

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and thinges:
With Scarfes, and fannes, and double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beads, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor stayes thy leasure
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure,
Enter Tailor.
Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments
Enter Haberdasher
Lay forth the Gowne. What newes with you sir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in hast.
Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.
Pet. Why thou saiest true, it is a paltrie cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
Pet. Thy gowne why I: come Tailor let vs see't.